Numb. 11.

Heraclitus Ridens.

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

From Saturday, September the 4th, to Tuesday the 7th. 1703.

Jeſt (*Singing.*)

A *Contemptible Fool*
For a while may be Cool,
And Act like a Man that is Wiſe,
But Laſh till he Smarts,
Soon the Natural Starts,
And his Bolt *at his Enemy* Flies.
Not unlike Maſter Ob———.
Who with Presbyter Nob
Sate a Dictating Laws to his Jury:
Till Receiving Home-Thruſt,
The Devil drove, and needs muſt,
And ſtood to his Arms like a Fury.
But he's ſo well known,
He might let it alone,
And himſelf of his Weapons Diſarm.
For a Man of his Fame
May be all in a Flame,
Yet to none that he'd Burn, can do Harm.
Then a Fart for his Staff,
It's our Buſineſs to Laugh,
For Merriment none can Indite us,
If a Subject you want,
Make a Jeſt of his Plant,
And with that Tickle Old Heraclitus.

Earneſt. Turn'd Songſter? This is what I never expected from a Man of your Voice, and your own Words too, if I miſtake not? For Heav'ns ſake how long have you been a Trader in *Poetry*? I'm afraid you'll prove a troubleſome Companion, for *Poetry* and *Impertinence* generally go together.

Jeſt. It's Impoſſible for me to with-hold my ſelf, you muſt bear with me a little, till this Fit is over; I am ſatisfied, it is worſe for one of my Conſtitution than a *Tertian* Ague, but Diſtempers are Catching, and I no ſooner handled the Country-man's *Extempore* Lines in the laſt Obſervator, but I got the Itch immediately, and fell a Scratching as if the Devil had been in me.

Earn. Your Country-Men generally are very clean Fellows, take 'em out of *Wales*, eſpecially ſuch a Man as he Repreſents, that has a Farm and two or three Teem of Horſes.

Jeſt. I mean the Itch of Scribling, had you brought your Apprehenſion along with you, you might have known my Meaning by my Gaping.---- Don't you ſee that I am in a Poetical Fit? Stand off, I ſay, or Lampoon is the Word,--and Blood and Slaughter may enſue.

Earneſt. Lampoon is a dangerous Weapon,--and is often the occaſion of what you ſpeak of. ---- I beſeech you Sir, as you are Stout, be Merciful.—— The Name of it, diſorders one of your Fine Gentlemen more than a Juſtle with a Small-coal Bag; and your Gentlemen at *White*'s and *Oſſuna*'s, have as Dreadful Conceptions of it, as if a ſtrong Wind was to over-take 'em in an open Field, or Cataracts inſtead of Showers upon *Salisbury-Plain.*

Jeſt. Prithee what have we to do with Lace-Coats and Feathers, I was talking to you of a Farmer, and you bring me into Scents and *Pulvilio's.* ——Recollect your ſelf, I ſay, the Temper I'm in, may be of Dangerous Conſequence to you, when a Bundle of Scandal, tagg'd with Rhimes, is once out, there's no Recanting it. *Fore-warn'd, Fore-arm'd* is the Proverb, and you that know the Duties of your Place, ought to perform 'em.

Earn. Well,--- theſe Poetical Tempers are as fluctuating as Sir *William Temple* makes the Penſionary of *Holland* make the Councils of *Holland* to be.——— Under Snbmiſſion, what Verſes are theſe that have made you ſuch an Enthuſiaſt?

Jeſt. So--- Now you are come to your ſelf again,--- I'll fling off my pretended Inſpiration, as *Daniel Burgeſs* does his Cloak, or his Auditors the Remembrance of his Doctrines, at Supper-time. Read theſe Verſes.--- Had not the *Obſervator* enough upon his Hands, to be his *Country-man's Amanuenſis.* Good your Worſhip, as you will find here, is a Man of much Condeſcention, and ſubmits himſelf to a Poſt which is little better than that of being a Clerk to a Milk-Woman.

Earn. Theſe are indeed, as He may well call 'em *Extempore.* It's a ſign what a Reverence he has for the Memory of King *William*, when he beſtows nothing more upon him than what would be a Diſgrace to a Dunghill, and a Scandal to the meaneſt Pudding-Pye-Woman's Baſket upon *Fleet-Bridge.*

Jeſt. I gave one of 'em laſt Night to a Friend of mine at the Tavern, who muſt needs, forſooth, have the Curioſity to Read it, while he was doing ſomething, neither of us could do for him; but he flung it away, and rather choſe to put up Matters as they were, than make uſe of it.

Earneſt. I ſhould have done the ſame——But here's Truth in it, though all other Ornaments are wanting. *Who tho' remov'd muſt ne're retnrn again.* Nothing is more Certain--But I'll go on.

Yet

Yet with a Luſtre from a Heat Divine,
He now does in my Mighty Princeſs Shine,
She is my Darling Subject and my Theme,
When e're I mention Her I think of Him.

Jeſt. That I believe—— But for what Reaſon he thinks of King *William*, let thoſe who had a nearer inſight into his late Majeſty's Virtues Determine, and it's very Natural for us while we are mentioning one Colour to have another ſtrike upon our Memory.

Earneſt. You interrupt me—— I thought it was my Buſineſs to make my Remarks, but all things are not to be ſpoken in Earneſt, and therefore I ſhall go on with the Lamentable Metre, and fix upon ſomething that may bring him under the Cognizance of the Court, if it is poſſible any thing can do it.

May She like Him before Her People go,
And even Glorious William's *Acts Outdo.*

Her Majeſty has *gone before Her People* in ſuch a manner as Hiſtory can't Parallel with any Circumſtance in King *William*'s Reign. She has went like a Saint as well as a Queen, and tho' I admire Him as much in His Heroical Virtues as any pretended Admirer whatſoever, I dare Affirm She has brought more Succeſs to 'em, and Crown'd 'em with more Honour in two Campaigns, as well by Sea as Land, than Her Predeceſſor did in *Ten*; Part of which She gave Thanks for in a Solemn Manner, laſt year at St. *Paul*'s Cathedral, and may ſhew Her Gratitude in the ſame Nature for what is remaining, if the want of Succeſs in Her Chiefeſt Allie (which God forbid) don't give an Allay to Her own Victories. But to come cloſer to the Matter, and Act like a fair Interpreter, that takes things no otherwiſe than any Man of Senſe muſt Conſtrue 'em, *going before Her People* here, is *Dying before 'em*, as King *William* did, and *Outdoing His Glorious Acts*, is having a *ſhorter Reign*, and departing this Life *ſooner* (he does not care how ſoon) than that Illuſtrious Prince did. A pretty way of ſhewing himſelf the *Queen's beſt Friend*, and Praying for Her Majeſty's Long Life, and that Her Throne may be Eſtabliſh'd as *long as the Sun and Moon ſhall endure.*

Jeſt. Where's *Robin Stevens* now? Let us ſend a Porter for him, by all means, I am out in my Schemes but we ſhall bring *this* Libeller *to Puniſhment*, and turn the Tables upon him that Threatens us. Some Body was telling me on *Saturday* laſt, his *Wedneſdays* Obſervator had a Stroke at Sedition too. Friend *Earneſt*, did you hear any thing of the Matter?

Earneſt. Why truly I Puniſh my ſelf with Reading him, when the Remembrance of my Sins flies in my Face, and he, there to awaken the *Diſſenters* into a Rebellion, who ſit Contented with the Protection they have of Her Majeſty's Royal Word for, ſhould inſinnuate Apprehenſions to 'em, That their Schools, or their Univerſities, as they call 'em, will be no longer tolerated, and they muſt ſend their Children beyond the Seas for a Foreign Education.

Jeſt. Hey day! This is ſuch an Author ſure as never put Pen to Paper in the Remembrance of Man. Say this! And not fly from Juſtice, by getting into *Geneva*, the Gariſons, Country, or any other Place, that has formerly Shelter'd Men whoſe Principles he pretends to Defend. I'll venture his Forehead againſt any Braſs in *Chriſtendom* for a Wager. But we ſhall make him Angry, and forward the Sale of *Heraclitus*, by his calling hard Names, and Torturing his Readers with the Effects of his own Vexations, therefore let us leave him, for a little Touch upon Politicks upon the Tranſactions Abroad, you deal that way, and can give me ſome.

Earneſt. I can oblige you at this time, with ſome Occurrences in *Flanders*, that are not in the Publick Prints, the next News will infallibly Rejoyce us with the Taking of *Limbourgh*, but had the Duke of *Marlborough* had his will with the reſt of the General Officers, beſides thoſe of *Holland*, and their Deputies, this had been the moſt Glorious Campaign that ever was made, we had forced the Enemies Lines, inſtead of going to that Siege, which would have render'd us Maſters of all the Enemies Forage, ſeveral Magazines, the Towns of *Antwerp*, *Bruges*, *Ghent*, *Bruſſels*, *&c.*

Jeſt. And how came they to withſtand ſuch an Advantagious Propoſal? Or how could this poſſibly be Feazible? You make nothing of Skipping over Capital Cities, I wonder you was not hir'd for a Vaulter this Fair.

Earn. Every body knows the *Dutch* to be a Cautious Nation, and they are never for coming to a General Battle under five to one on their Sides, becauſe upon the loſs of one, they would lie Expos'd to an Invaſion on every Frontier. But here the Enemy being in Pain for *Namure*, after the loſs of *Huy*, had Detach'd a great part of their Army to poſſeſs the Paſs at *Maſeyk*, which is the only one by which they could prevent the the Confederates Inveſting that City, and by that Means weakned it ſo, that we could not well have fail'd of Succeſs, had we attempted it, it being the weakeſt part of their whole Line, which is a great many Miles in length, and without doubt, before another Campaign, will be much farther Extended and Stronger.

Jeſt. No more of theſe Stories, —— Theſe *Dutch* Councils make me Sick. What Pity 'tis, a Gentleman of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Spirit and Conduct, ſhould be Bridled and Reſtrained after this Manner. Farewell, unleſs you have ſomething more acceptable than Opportunities loſt that are ſeeming Irretrievable; bring me better News next time, or I'll ſeek me out a Comrade that ſhall, for I ſhall fret my Guts to Fiddle-ſtrings with ſuch another.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT the Blew-Boar *in* Fleetſtreet, *is to be a Parcel of Young Fellows, Lawyers-Clerks, Apprentices,* &c. *Who, becauſe their Fathers and Mothers have Reaſon to be aſham'd of 'em, have Chriſten'd themſelves,* The Sons of the Muſes. Tueſday *Night is Club-Night, when you may ſee a Coxcomb with a* Lawrel *upon his Head, ſitting at the upper-end of the Table, and the reſt of the Company ſitting by him, whoſe Stomachs not Underſtandings, are as ſharp as Needles, and more capable of Digeſting Iron than good Poetry or Sence. Songs, Madrigals, Puns, Quibbles, Conundrums, Queries, Dying-Speeches, and Diſmal Accounts, are to be had there, for* Wilkins, *and* Bradford, Pye-Corner, *and* London-Bridge; *and if any Perſon of Genuine Intellects, and indifferent Capacity, is minded to enter himſelf among 'em, Three Pence will do the Matter, for they ſhew their Alliance to Poetry no other way but by their Poverty.*

Printed by *D. Edwards*, and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1703.